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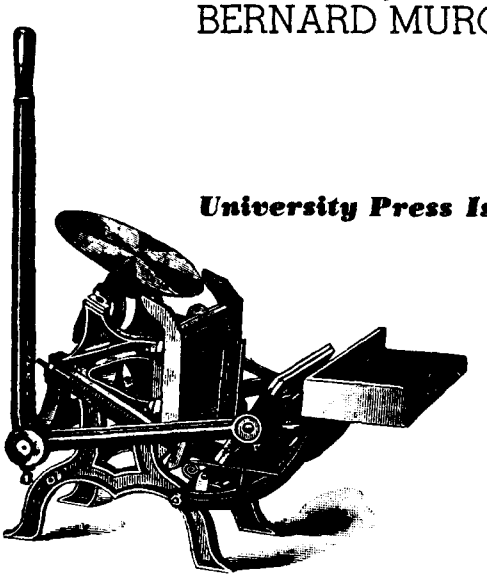

University Press Issue

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JOHN COONEY CONTRACEPTION IN GOD'S GREEN ISLE?
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NEWS & VIEWS

Bucking Big Business

Not surprisingly, the inability of religious groups and others of social responsibility to dent consciences through stockholder resolutions is causing some to go a more direct route. The United Presbyterian Mission Council, for instance, announced recently in Chicago that the denomination will not buy or hold stock in the Duke Power Company, locked in a Kentucky labor dispute over failure to recognize the United Mine Workers of America. Securities now held will be divested and no more bought.

The Presbyterian action made sense, particularly as stockholder resolutions aimed at sensitizing corporate policies [News & Views, 5/17/74] continued to get their lumps. The latest defeats: two Episcopal Church presentations to the annual meeting of Phillips Petroleum.

One resolution asked Phillips to cease exploration, mining and oil production in Namibia (South-West Africa) and to withdraw "expeditiously" from the predominantly black areas ruled by segregationist South Africa.

The second urged Phillips' directors "to immediately implement effective internal procedures" to prevent the corporation from making illegal political campaign contributions (as to CREEP in 1972).

The Namibia resolution received only 5 percent of the vote (2.7 million shares to 53.2); the campaign-contributions resolution, 7 percent (3.9 million shares to 52.9 million).

In Toronto, meanwhile, ethics professor Richard Crossman of Waterloo Lutheran Seminary was shooting another hole in the rationalizations of corporations that their influence in areas such as South Africa is a liberalizing one which will hasten the end of apartheid by emphasizing the need for more skilled labor and speeding up economic growth.

Citing a study of Canada's economic links with South Africa sponsored by the Canadian YWCA, Crossman said "our study leads inevitably to the conclusion that foreign investment has not been and is not likely to become a liberalizing force."

Continuing Canadian investment, the study concluded, will reinforce the strength of the white economy, and increase the strength of those forces in Canada with a stake in the existing system of South African racism and repression.

What is true there has to be true here—for domestic as well as foreign investments.

'Semper Idem'

John Culhane's engaging *New York Times Magazine* piece on the evolution of the comic strip [May 5] contained a fascinating political footnote that will bring wry smiles to Administration watchers.

Last April, Gary Trudeau, who draws "Doonesbury" for Universal Press Syndicate, launched a series in which two young Americans are discussing their government. Mark mentions one John D. Ehrlichman, then relatively unknown to the comic-strip public. Zonker asks who he is.

"Ehrlichman is the President's adviser on domestic affairs," Mark comments, "and as such he is responsible for the quality of life in America."

"Well," Zonker responds, "no wonder I'd never heard of him."

Culhane proceeds:

By April 26, Trudeau began to sense that Ehrlichman was going to be caught up in the Watergate affair, "which meant that he would be catapulted into the public limelight, in which case these strips would no longer be appropriate. Their point was that Ehrlichman was anonymous, yet powerful, and totally unaccountable to the American people. But I was able to pull all the strips except that first one and substitute others.

"Ehrlichman resigned on April 30 and on May 18 he wrote me a letter—on White House stationery! He wrote: "I would consider it a privilege to be able to obtain the original drawing of the attached cartoon. Needless to say, it has a very special meaning to me and would be a good addition to the other originals that I have received through the years.

" 'If you are able to forward the original, would it be possible for you to mail it to my home address. . . . Many thanks. Yours sincerely, John D. Ehrlichman.' "

Ehrlichman had attached the only one of the series that ran—and on the bottom of the letter, he added with a pen: "I hear my resignation fouled up your following series—Sorry—Next time (!) let me know what you're planning and I'll try to cooperate—JE."

* * *

Culhane's account did not say whether Trudeau honored Ehrlichman's request. I called Trudeau at his studio in Connecticut. "That was the second request, actually," Trudeau informed. "Yes, I sent it. I figured that anyone who was still reading the comics and had the presence to write a letter like that, three weeks after resigning and in the trouble he was, deserved it."

There was no word back.

Elastic Morality

If you credit *New Scientist* magazine, Catholic aversion to birth-control devices has caused terrorists of the Provisional Irish Republican Army to bypass "the most simple and reliable bomb-timing device—the condom."

In most terrorists' textbooks, according to *New Scientist,* the condom is a prescribed item in the construction of a highly incendiary firebomb. Instead, the Provos are going to toy balloons. They're much more chancy because of variances in quality, says the magazine, but ostensibly they do not offend Irish moral sensibilities, as seemingly the condoms do.

The preference reportedly has had its dire consequences. We're told that "balloons are prone to split [prematurely], or during assembly, with disastrous consequences for the bomber."

"Apart from moral objections," there is also the fact that "Provos are not always able to obtain condoms without arousing suspicion." *New Scientist* confides:

"In Londonderry, a Provo tried to buy five dozen condoms. The chemist (pharmacist) thought it unlikely that the youth had that busy a love life and phoned the Army. The youth was on the wanted list and was arrested before he had walked 200 yards."

Odds and Ends

—The May 12 referendum on divorce in Italy was a test of voter understanding as well as the nation's three-year-old law. The referendum asked if the voter wanted the current law permitting divorce "abrogated" or not. A yes vote to abrogate was a vote against divorce, while a no vote was a vote in favor of divorce. Further, the voter was instructed not to put a check mark against his or her choice, but cross it out, leaving the vote one did *not* wish to stand in full view. Said Rome's English-language *Daily American* on the eve of the election: the outcome may "be decided—quite literally—by mistake."

—*Quote of the Week.* Democratic National Committee chairman Robert S. Strauss, reacting to the Nixon transcripts: "I told my wife over the third martini last night, I'm embarrassed to have our kids read this and think it's part of the life I'm in." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Hither and Yon

Knoxville, Tenn.

To the Editors: Alas, Norman Cousins was right to lament the current decline of the English language! Even Peter Steinfels has forgotten the difference between "whence" and "whither" (in his title, "Whence the New Conservatives?", April 12) and neither your editors nor your proofreaders caught the error. Whither shall we turn, if even *Commonweal* fails us?

Yours for a last-ditch stand in defense of the language,

ANNE MARIE CAVIGLIA

Harsh Judgments

Lisle, Ill.

To the Editors: Rosemary Ruether has once again made use of a crudely illogical device of tendentious argumentation which has not gone unnoticed by her readers in the past ["Notre Dame's Catholic Character," Apr. 19]. It consists in first asking a hypothetical question, or a series of hypothetical questions, to which apparently she could have no way of knowing the answers except by testing the hypotheses. Then she abruptly anticipates the answers to these questions, without providing any clue as to what justification she might have for doing so. And finally, on the sole basis of her conjectural answers to her hypothetical questions, she unhesitatingly pronounces singularly harsh and supercilious judgment. Consider, for example, the concluding portion of her response to Notre Dame's statement on the Catholic character of the University:

> Let's get specific. If I were to point out the male chauvinist character of Roman Catholic theology and institutions would this be welcomed there? If I were to pursue a line of scholarship that unsettled doctrine, would this be welcomed there? If I were to suggest that authentic morality may clash with

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HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS

The unqualified opposition of the Archdiocese of New York to a bill in the New York City Council aimed at guaranteeing the civil rights of homosexuals was perhaps to be expected, given the rigorism of formal theological attitudes and the Church's continuing failure to provide adequate moral and pastoral guidelines whereby homosexual men and women might grow in love and service to God within the formal ecclesial community. Expectation realized, however, does not lessen distress over the Archdiocese's blanket condemnation of Intro-2, the proposed measure that would ban discrimination in employment, housing and public accommodations.

Considering some of the problems confronting citizens and government these days, concern over a bill like Intro-2 may seem somewhat quixotic. Yet the issues are not unimportant. The civil rights of the homosexual do not transcend those of the general public; on the other hand, they do exist, and if they are to be constantly ignored or abused—as historically they have been—then they must be protected in law. The Intro-2 proposal presented the Archdiocese with an opportunity to witness, not only to the rights of the homosexual as citizen, but also to his dignity as a person created in the image of God; it provided further opportunity to clear up some ancient theological ambiguities with respect to homosexuality and the Church. Instead, the Archdiocese spoke in tones that betrayed fears and misconceptions from the dark ages of genetic, behavioral and moral understandings. In fairness to the Archdiocese, it may well be that Intro-2 contains some dubious provisions. But in that case, the challenge was to argue particulars and work for provisions, not hurl anathemas.

The Archdiocese's position drew impressive rejoinders from some 28 members of the Jesuit academic community at Woodstock College, and from the New York-New Jersey chapter of Dignity, an organization of homosexual Catholics. But not before the Archdiocese had provided a rallying point for some of the most reactionary elements in the city, and not before the media had passed to other interests, leaving the Woodstock and Dignity statements relatively unpublicized. Both statements were instructive. The Woodstock

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response pivoted on the admonition of the 1971 Synod of Bishops that all members of the Church be prophetic in championing the rights of individuals and groups that are treated unjustly, and cited the Synod reminder that "the Christian finds in every man God himself and God's absolute demand for justice and love." The Dignity statement added that "after centuries of persecution" the time has come for the spirit of Jesus to prevail among Catholics, to love your neighbor, to respect the dignity of every person, and to oppose all forms of oppression.

A position favoring the civil rights of homosexuals may require a certain courage, particularly since there are those who mistakenly equate a defense of those rights with an oblique sanctioning of homosexual sex as an alternative form of sexual expression—another issue entirely, as was demonstrated at the recent convention of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, which endorsed the civil rights of homosexuals but quashed a report on ministry that appeared to presume that homosexuality was natural and therefore good. To defend the rights of homosexuals is merely to align one's self on the side of social prerogatives that all should have, homosexual or not, as individuals. If the Church, in New York or elsewhere, cannot do this then its thinking is indeed where one dismayed New York Catholic politician said it is: back in the 1880s.

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REPORT FROM IRELAND

CONTRACEPTION IN GOD'S GREEN ISLE?

In his book *The Irish* Donald Connery examines the universally accepted image of the "typical Irishman"—the gay, drunken, joking, story-telling, illogical figure of fun that is the basic diet of any bad "Irish" theatrical. In the course of several pages he cites various authorities to prove that this "typical Irishman" does not exist. But then he adds: "The trouble is that every time I am solemnly told in Ireland that the stage Irishman does not exist, I meet one the next day."

The same observation could apply to the so-called "typical Irish situation." In recent years much has been written and said about the "new Ireland"—that the country was now becoming urbanized, efficient, prosperous, independent-minded, an active member of the European Economic Community, and that in the post-conciliar Church the myth of the priest-ridden nation had been dispelled forever. This feeling of national progress was heightened in February, 1973, with the election of the National Coalition Government on a social reform program: Whatever the basic truth in the theory of progress, in recent months the Irish Government has been in disarray over a packet of durex.

Despite *Humanae Vitae* there has been growing demand in the Republic for the legalization of contraceptives. At present a 1935 law forbids the importation, manufacture and sale of contraceptives. This law is backed up by various Censorship of Publications Acts preventing the advertising of contraceptives.

If these laws were widely accepted in the thirties, they have clearly become anomalous today. For example, doctors estimate that 35,000 women are receiving the pill on prescription each month for medical reasons. The law also was a problem for customs officers, both in searching tourists and Irish people coming in from abroad or from the North, where contraceptives are available.

An attempt in the Irish Senate, the upper chamber, in 1971 by three young Senators, Mary Robinson, John Horgan and Trevor West, to introduce a bill legalizing contraceptives failed to get a first reading. However, since then there have been indications that the climate of opinion was becoming more receptive to change. An important factor in this was the national debate about relations with Northern Ireland. If the Republic wished to help in a solution to the violence in the North and wished to evolve a form of partnership with the North, it must accept the principle of pluralism and alter its laws so that they would not discriminate against anyone of different persuasion, the argument runs.

With the success of the coalition government, hopes were raised that the laws governing contraception would be altered. However, the first move came not from the government benches but once again from the trio of young senators. In the hope that official reaction and public opinion had changed since 1971 Senator Robinson introduced the Family Planning Bill, 1973, in the Senate last November. It proposed that the Minister for Health should license the sale of contraceptives in chemist shops and hospitals, while some contraceptives should be available on prescription only. The main aim of the bill was to take the question of contraception out of the criminal arena and place it within welfare. Amid muffled rumors that the government was considering introducing its own bill, the Robinson bill received a first reading.

A few weeks later the hierarchy without prior warning issued a statement on contraception which at first sight appeared to be an advance on previous episcopal interventions in Irish political life but which in fact was subtle and effective obstruction. Unlike the classical 1951 situation when the bishops outrightly opposed Dr. Noel Browne's mother-and-child welfare plan, the bishops in their 1973 statement acknowledged that it was the right of the legislature to legislate. But they added that in

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doing so the legislature should take account of the character of Irish society (i.e., traditional Catholicism) and the "quality of life." This quality of life would be damaged by the "contraceptive mentality" which in England, the bishops claimed, had led to widespread abortion.

In retrospect, it can be seen that for many Catholics this episcopal statement was the signal for defensive action to save the country from the contamination of the permissive society. Quietly, various groups launched a letter campaign in which signatures were canvassed and sent to politicians to show them the grass-roots opposition to change. This proved to be successful, with many local politicians becoming afraid of constituency and parish priest opinion.

However, at the time the momentum appeared to be in favor of change. This trend was supported by a Supreme Court decision in December on the appeal by a Mrs. Mary McGhee against the 1972 seizure by customs officials of a package of contraceptive jelly being sent to her from Britain. A mother of four who lives in a mobile home, Mrs. McGhee had been told by her doctors that, because of her health, she should not have any more children.

In its judgment the Supreme Court stated that those parts of the Irish law were unconstitutional which forbade citizens to import contraceptives for their own personal use. The justices also made the point, contrary to article 37 of the Irish constitution which states that the woman's place is in the home, that couples have the right to choose whether or not to have a family, thus opening the way for a complete revision of the position of women in Irish society.

In accordance with the Supreme Court decision the Minister for Justice, Mr. Patrick Cooney, announced that he intended to introduce legislation to bring the law into line with the Court's ruling. This bill was duly published but it clearly was a narrow construction of the Supreme Court ruling. The bill, which at the time of writing is before the Dail, the lower chamber, permits only married people to have access to contraceptives; couples will be able to purchase contraceptives only at licensed chemist shops, and people "without a living spouse" found contravening the regulations will be liable to fines of around $250 or face imprisonment. (Unmarried tourists visiting Ireland and either importing contraceptives or purchasing them in Ireland would be in contravention of the regulations.) The bill also aims at totally banning abortifacients—a difficult assignment for legislators as even Irish medical opinion is divided as to what constitutes an abortifacient.

The inevitable sequel to the introduction of the government's bill was the refusal of the Senate to give the Robinson bill a second reading. Commenting on the government bill, Mrs. Robinson, who is a Professor of law at Dublin's Trinity College, said, "I think it will to some extent make us the laughing stock of Europe in its present form."

At the moment there is little indication that the bill will be amended in the direction sought by Mrs. Robinson. It may in fact be defeated as a result of the fear of politicians of grass-roots country opinion that remains staunchly in favor of *Humanae Vitae*. As one commentator remarked, the Irish bishops still dominate the bedroom.

JOHN COONEY

(John Cooney, Commonweal's *regular correspondent in Ireland, is on the staff of the* Irish Times.)

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REPORT FROM BRITAIN

THE WORLD AS A CONCENTRATION CAMP?

A few weeks ago I was at a conference of philosophers and literary critics, and the conversation over the dinner table where I was sitting turned to the question whether the people most likely to survive conditions of imprisonment or torture were fanatical believers in some kind of *cause*. Whether the cause is a rational one or a piece of nonsense, it seemed to be agreed that a certain degree of fanatical adherence 'through thick and thin' was the best recipe for survival in the world of the concentration camp. Polish nationalists under Hitler, Jehovah's Witnesses under Franco were cited in evidence. But then, naturally, the question arose whether, if this is so, fanaticism was not a virtue? And the answer to that question seemed to depend on how you view the contemporary scene. Is the world we are living in more like a conference room or a concentration camp?

I suppose the reply will mostly depend on where you happen to find yourself born. The genial philosopher in English university even now, will tend to see it as the former, and to regard the polite skepticisms of post-Enlightenment culture as our most important cultural assets. On the other hand the priest or partisan just back from the other side of the iron curtain, or indeed from Washington or Mozambique will doubtless tend to regard the whole world as a sort of 'aldeamento' or 'specification zone.'

Clearly, there is no definitive solution to such a large and vaguely-formulated disagreement. It is even arguable that here is a strictly unanswerable, because ill-formed, question: a question that it is not worth discussing until it is more precisely put. And the empiricist or the positivistic philosopher may well at this point use what may be

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called 'Wittgenstein's razor,' and insist that if the question can't be clearly asked it had better not be asked at all. But to say that the question is ill-formed, or too general to be answerable, is not to say that it is intrinsically unintelligible or is incapable of being put into any kind of words. The point rather is that the only way of putting questions as large and unmanageable as these into a discussable shape is by *dramatizing* them. And this is where another of my recent experiences comes in. I have just returned to Birmingham from a short spell in London with a party of adult students. We had gone to see a sample of current West End theater productions and to discuss them. As it happens the present menu in the London theaters is quite appetizing (though you never know how soon it will be before some of the best dishes are 'off'). We saw five plays in three days. The first—J.B. Priestley's *Eden End*— is a National Theater revival of one of his plays of the thirties: a play built around the irony of viewing, from the perspective of 1934, a family living in 1912 and not noticing that the world was about to go up in flames. In its heavily 'well-made' way, the play is rather bitter under its surface realism: not only about the good Edwardian Eden that is ended, but also about the illusions and hypocrisies and role-playing antics that seemed necessary to sustain even that nostalgic vision. In mode and manner it is very dated: but in its implications, it is surprisingly up-to-date. For as soon as you confront two new plays by English writers, like Peter Nichols' *Chez Nous* or David Storey's *Life Class* you begin to realize how much English drama is still basically Ibsenite. That is to say, is still concerned with the unmasking of illusions, the exposure of people who are merely 'acting' a part. The first of these two plays is a dramatization of the false values and attitudes best described as those of the *Sunday Times* color-supplement: a glossy offering of middle-class 'culture,' advertiser's fantasy and professional man's rootless cosmopolitanism. It is almost a particular study of *The Waste Land*'s sense of directionlessness:

'In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.'

The permissive 'adult' figures who move about their tax-haven in the Dordogne have most of their illusions torn away as the play progresses: but in the end, I feel, we discover that the unmasking of illusions is not enough. Much the same could be said of *Life Class*, a brilliantly observed and acted study of a seedy provincial art-school, and dominated by the figure of a posturing pseudo-avant-garde teacher who in fact has nothing to give to anyone —neither his students, nor his wife, nor the school itself. The ironies of these two plays are, like Priestley's, reflected in their sardonic titles: but the question remains whether the combination of exceedingly skillful observation (a kind of plastic surgery in reverse, done not to hide but to reveal our social disfigurements) with a prevailing and all-encompassing sardonic irony is enough. Most of us felt, I think, that these contemporary illusions were just not big enough, or perhaps were too familiar already, to justify the effort devoted to their unmasking. Or perhaps it is that the dramatists themselves are not sufficiently passionate, not entangled enough, to convey the necessary sense of shock and healthy indignation. By comparison, not merely with Ibsen but even with, say, the early plays of D.H. Lawrence, these contemporary unmaskings seem rather routine, like the illusions themselves. Where, we feel, are the positive values in the name of which the masks are to be torn off? To see Pirandello's *Henry IV* or Tennessee Williams' *Streetcar Named Desire* only helps to prove the point. You either

The Cardinal And the Junta

While not quite rivaling the sale a couple of years ago of the Secret Documents of ITT, a new edition of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights is moving briskly in Santiago these days. Called simply "Christian Reflections on the UDHR," the handsomely printed 32-page booklet published by the Catholic archdiocese is interesting for several reasons. Given the Junta's total censorship of all media, this issuance of a basic UN document, now some six months after its 25th anniversary date, constitutes a major "statement" by Santiago's Cardinal Silva.

Although the Cardinal has since followed through with two subsequent and unmistakably clear declarations—his Easter Vigil homily and the pastoral letter of late April—the UDHR publication served as a kind of pre-pastoral letter; it said that at least in the area of basic human rights the church was in no way going to back away from its commitment to the poor and oppressed—those whose human rights are most violated in today's Chile.

The Cardinal's introduction is but a single sentence saying that he offers this Christian reflection in an ecumenical spirit to all Chileans of good will, making his own the following words of Pope Paul. What follows is a lengthy excerpt from the Pope's December 8 message for the Day of Peace, concluding with these words: "Repression is not peace. Cowardice is not peace. A settlement which is purely external and imposed by fear is not peace. True peace must be based on a sense of the untouchable dignity of the human person, from which arise inviolable rights and corresponding duties. It is indeed true that peace will accept obedience to just law and legitimate authority, but it will never be

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need an obsessional and passionate (and, of course, extremely intelligent) commitment to the *idea* of life as a wilderness of mirrors (as with Pirandello), or you need a sense of personal involvement in the wilderness itself (as with Williams) to justify the continued dramatization of disillusionment itself. So each of these two major plays from the recent past gives an answer to the question I posed at the beginning of this article, for each of them *dramatizes* the proposition that the world is more like a prison than it is like an eighteenth-century drawing-room. To ask of them, 'Is life really like this?,' is to ask that question in a precise and thus answerable way.

I am still not sure how to answer it myself. Perhaps one has to say 'yes and no': but even this is a kind of answer. For in so far as even part of the answer has to be 'yes, the world *is* a kind of cosmic concentration camp,' the conclusion has to be drawn that the sort of commitment which alone enables one to stand the test of survival under extreme conditions is itself a virtue. I suspect that this is partly why most of us feel that, whatever the technical shortcomings of his work, a man like Solzhenitsyn is intrinsically a greater artist than any of our latterday social plastic surgeons, for all their skill in diagnosis and the baring of its collective skull beneath the skin.

BRIAN WICKER

(Brian Wicker is Commonweal's *correspondent in Great Britain.)*

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alien to considerations of the common good and man's moral freedom."

That's a risky statement to make in Chile, even if you are just quoting the Pope. But what follows is unlit dynamite.

Each of the thirty articles of the UDHR is emblazoned like commandments across the top of each page: Every person has the right to life, liberty and security of person; no one shall be subjected to torture or to cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment; all are equal before the law and entitled to equal protection of the law; no one can be arbitrarily detained or imprisoned; everyone has the right to leave and to return to his own country; in case of persecution, everyone has the right to seek and receive asylum in whatever country; everyone has the right to participate in the government of their country either directly or by means of representatives freely chosen. . . .

After each article, superbly selected biblical quotes underscore the ancient basis for the supposedly modern UDHR: You shall proclaim freedom on the earth to all of its inhabitants (Lev. 25,10); When the just rule, the people rejoice (Prov. 29,2); I have been sent to announce liberation to the captives, freedom to the prisoners (Is. 61,1); Rise up and take the child and his mother and flee into Egypt . . . because Herod is seeking to kill him (Mt. 2,13); Thou shalt not kill (Ex. 20,13).

It's selections like these (and the Radical Bible, Quotations from Chairman Jesus, etc.) that have made scripture-quoting by the oppressors of this world a nearly obsolete form. One of Carl McIntyre's missionaries to Chile sent back a panegyric on the *golpe* last Fall beginning with I Timothy: "I urge that entreaties and prayers, petitions and thanksgivings, be made on behalf of all men, for kings and all who are in authority." The Chilean Embassy in Washington thought highly enough of the letter to include it among its handouts but the Junta has not otherwise been caught with its Bible open.

After the Scriptures come equally well chosen excerpts from Catholic and Protestant church documents. The former are mostly from recent encyclicals and Vatican II although there's a marvelous quote from Pope Nicholas I (A.D. 866) in which he condemns the practice of extorting admission of guilt by use of force. Most of the Protestant citations are from World Council of Churches assemblies (Evanston, Geneva, Uppsala, etc.) and from a 1971 document called the Social Credo of the Methodist Church.

Samuel Araya, pastor of Santiago's Providencia Methodist Church, founder and former director of Chile's ecumenical seminary and one of Latin American Methodism's most respected figures was an author of the Social Credo. Theologically progressive but far from radical, he was not politically active nor was he a member of the Junta's ecclesiastical *bête noire,* Christians for Socialism. Yet both he and his wife were summoned for questioning by the army in March and, on April 19, he was arrested, brought to the now infamous Estadio Chile, and remained there without charges until April 29. He is now free and has been "strongly encouraged" to accept an offered post in the United States.

Arrested at the same time was Joel Gajardo, a well-known Presbyterian theologian who, like Charles West and others in this country, was in dialogue with the Prague-based Christian Peace Conference. Gajardo is also out of jail and out of Chile, but his exit was even less "voluntary"; he was expelled on May 2.

The social teachings of the churches, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, the Bible—any one is evidently too much for Chile's ruling powers but all three are enjoying something more than a certain *succès d'estime* in Santiago today. THOMAS QUIGLEY

(Thomas Quigley is on the staff of the Division for Latin America, U.S. Catholic Conference.)

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THE STRUGGLE IS FOR JUSTICE

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

Some time ago I took part in a board meeting of a Catholic organization at which a prominent woman judge argued strongly for greater attention in the Church to the cause of women. "We need a research center," she said. "Strong stands are being taken on the basis of poor information, bad history, and outdated concepts. A research project could serve as a much needed catalyst, especially in this time when anger is mounting among women everywhere." A scholar from the Midwest seemed genuinely astonished.

"What are they angry at?" he asked. The judge and I exchanged despairing glances, but it was the docile nun sitting two places to the rear, charged with taking minutes, who answered, "Men," she snapped.

Sister, of course, spoke in a kind of shorthand. It is not exactly on men that women focus their rising resentment, but on the obtuseness and indifference to rank injustice which seems embodied in men, since it is primarily to them that women must look for redress. There are women who do not care about women's claim to the priesthood, who are not bothered by the "I'm Cheryl, fly me," advertisements, who do not mind being thought of only as consumers in the society—all legitimate concerns of other women—but they *do* understand that they are the economically disadvantaged majority. It is this ever-growing and deepening realization which undergirds and provides an unseen, but solid, base to the woman's movement.

These women find their true leader in the woman recently acclaimed "woman of the year in politics," Congresswoman Martha Griffiths, who will retire this year. Martha Griffiths is uninterested in the symbolic gesture. She deals in hard realities. The Equal Rights Amendment, now moving slowly towards ratification, had for years been sponsored by distinguished Congressmen and Senators from both parties before she took it in hand and worked skillfully and persistently for its passage. Its ratification will open a veritable Pandora's box of challenges and legal interpretations—but will it not be healthy for us to examine inequity in all aspects of our society? (If this threatens the family, as opponents of the amendment suggest, may we not ask if it is sound for any institution to depend for its survival on the exploitation of some of its members?)

Congresswoman Griffiths does not intend to rest on ERA, however. She is readying an all-out attack on discrimination in the federal Code and in federal regulations. "If I seem slow about it," she said the other day, "it's because the basic research is being done by bright young men, who are not fully sensitized to what constitutes unequal treatment for a woman—but we will get it done. I hope to bequeath to the other women in Congress bills and recommendations which will cleanse the code and the regulations completely. Women are discriminated against in pension law, social security legislation, insurance legislation, tax law, credit and welfare. It will take billions of dollars to right the wrongs in social security alone," she added heartily, "but we must not deceive ourselves—when has justice come cheap?"

For the fundamental question is just that—one of *justice*. On this point she has never wavered. It is *unjust* to deny education and opportunity to some individuals just because they are women; it is *even more unjust* to refuse to pay them as much as men for the same work.

Consider only two of the twenty facts on women workers issued last year by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor: "Women workers are concentrated in low-paying, dead-end jobs. As a result, the average woman worker earns about three-fifths of what a man does, even when both work fulltime year round," and, "Fully employed women high school graduates (with no college) have less income on the average than fully employed men who have not completed elementary school."

For twenty years, almost wearily, the bureau has been trying to counteract the mistaken notion that women who work are part-time workers fleeing the home. There are nearly forty million women in the labor force and most of them work because of economic need. Nearly two-thirds of them are single, divorced, widowed, or separated, or have husbands whose earnings fall below the poverty level.

It is ten years since the Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed, specifically prohibiting *discrimination on the basis of sex* in all aspects of employment. Enforcement agencies simply do not take these laws seriously. Women's groups point out that, even in the recent actions brought against the steel and telephone companies enforcing equal opportunities for women and minorities the government settled for only token back pay for the women who had experienced discrimination.

There was an almost offensive matter-of-factness about the Supreme Court's upholding of a Florida tax break for widows last month—"only a reasonable effort to reduce the disparity between the economic capabilities of a man and a woman." It is hard to wait for widowhood for even partial justice!

But most disturbing of all is that the poorest of the poor are women workers. Two out of five poor families are headed by women. Fifty-seven percent of all black women workers

(Continued on page 295)

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THE WEALS AND WOES OF UNIVERSITY PRESSES

CHILTON WILLIAMSON, JR.

Ailments beyond those of the publishing industry in general

I was, last month, one of the thousand six hundred and eleven publishers, historians, and other assorted intelligentsia to attend the annual jamboree of the Organization of American Historians, held this year in Denver, Colorado. As I pranced along through the book exhibits in pursuit of my professional duties, spearing authors and glaring at competitors, the cold green light of a couple of vodka tonics in my veins, I spotted an enlarged cartoon done in a familiar style—the only aspect of the unpretentious booth it graced to catch my eye. One of Charles Hamilton's Waspish young ladies stared disdainfully at a custom-shirted young gentleman seated at a desk behind a stage-prop bookshelf. "Even," said this gal, "if you read Howard Mumford Jones' *Revolution and Romanticism,* Marvin Spivack's *The Harvard Concordance to Shakespeare,* Bernard Bailyn's *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson,* Alex Inkeles' and David Horton Smith's *Becoming Modern,* Paul Boyer and Stephen Nissenbaum's *Salem Possessed,* Raoul Berger's *Executive Privilege,* and Paul C. Mangeldorf's *Corn,* you'd still be a second-rate mind." All of these six blockbusters, by my count, were Harvard University Press books, and the booth, as gracefully understated as a proper Bostonian's Rambler automobile, was the Harvard University Press exhibit. Such has been—such is—the puissance of the university presses in their fullest and most luxuriant flower.

Those presses, however, like nearly everything else that creeps and breathes and tries to make an income these days, are in the doldrums. A couple of years ago an evil rumor appeared to the effect that that same Harvard Press was in a moribund condition: today it flourishes once again under a fancy new director rushed up from New York from the offices of Basic Books, but Harvard is a grand and prestigious house and hence capable of a remission. While 1973 witnessed its revival, it witnessed too the demise of a small press only eight years old—the university press of Case Western University, which in time of stringency discovered its publishing activities to be simply beyond its means. The fate of the small presses is thus uncertain, but even the big and established houses seem to have leveled out as far as the quantity of their sales and the number of their annual titles is concerned.

Many of the ailments that beset the university presses are simply the prevailing woes that presently weaken the macroeconomy of the publishing industry in general. The costs of printing and mailing are rising steadily, and the cost of paper is increasing geometrically. Most of these difficulties however, can be surmounted by more careful budgeting and by more streamlined editorial policies, and by well-advised experimentation in the various aspects of publishing that do not pertain to the production of books. But the blight which most seriously afflicts the scholarly publishers is, alas, far more fundamental to their operations and far more likely to persist beyond the present economic dyspepsia produced by the economic wizards of Washington. I am speaking of the present appalling condition of American higher education which, until alleviated, is probably destined to make even the shrewdest gyrations of the university press directors ultimately futile.

Imagine a mongrel dog, running in yodeling circles

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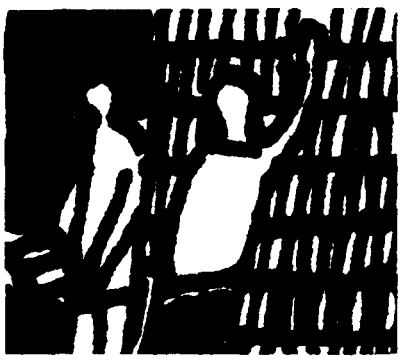
and with a diamond ring tied to his tail, and you have a pretty accurate notion of the relationship academia as presently constituted bears to its university presses. Those presses, in short, are currently dependent for their lifeblood upon one of the most busted and benighted sections of the American economy, and so it begins to appear that the succoring agents which spawned them and protected them against the predatory commercial publishers have degenerated into their single greatest liability.

There are, of course, a multiplicity of reasons for the miserable estate of higher education, important among which are the slump which has followed in the wake of the formidable expansion of the 1960s, the exhaustion of the glut of student bodies produced by the postwar baby boom, and the dire state of the U.S. economy. But it is not unfair to suggest that if the colleges and universities are the victims of a number of diseases presently endemic to American society, they are also the victims of an atmosphere which they in the heydey of their naughtiness in the '60s did much to create. For most of that decade academics of the higher variety—students, professors and administrators alike—lectured the taxpayers and insulted the powers and principalities of the city, state and federal governments; turned the most sophisticated of the nation's campi into intellectual playpens and daycare centers, where everybody's private hobby became elevated to the dignity of a discipline; and tossed anti-intellectual concepts, like overripe vegetables, at policemen and other intolerables. Throughout all of this madness the university presses plugged along, taking manuscripts from the few sensible academicians who had energy left at the end of the day for serious research, and leaving silly theories and the sillier personalities behind them to the newspapers—and then to the magazines and finally to the commercial publishers who found Mark Rudd and Tom Hayden better for American business than those gentlemen might have supposed.

For a time it was a sellers' market as far as the educational establishment was concerned; but now the boom is over, and the taxpayers and the politicians are in the saddle and riding the academicians hard. Today it is bad luck to be ten blocks from one of the ivied oasis, and many of the younger professors are applying for business school. Unfortunately, the university presses have received their lumps with everyone else. "New times," says H. George Fletcher, director of Fordham University Press, "have caught up with the mood of the press." Just so: but, alas and ironically, to its detriment.

At the heart of the matter, of course, are subsidies. Most university presses except for the very large ones—like Princeton University Press, which is a separate corporation—depend upon them, and at both ends of the publishing process. At one end, the parent university, itself traditionally blessed with liberal endowments from many sources, acquires the funds to pass on to the press it sponsors. On the other end, endowment funds allow a university to staff itself with the sort of people who buy scholarly titles, and also to subsidize, in its turn, the students who are required to purchase the same books for their courses. And, at the same end but at another location, funds from one source or another, sometimes the federal government, support the libraries which constitute a principal market for scholarly publications. At the moment, fiscal liquidity at all of these points is evaporating.

"Indigenous to university presses," says Thompson Webb, Jr., President of the Association of American University Publishers and Director of the University of Wisconsin Press, "is the effect of rising prices on taxpayers." Thus, in turn, Bernard Perry, Director of Indiana University Press, opines that "While Indiana has always given moral support to its University Press, the University has never been in a worse position to give the Press financial support even if they wished to do so." And thus too the New York Public Library recently announced that it has entered into an arrangement with



Yale, Columbia and Harvard Libraries whereby one copy of any given book or journal can be purchased between the four of them, and then shared by means of photocopy and a sophisticated network of centralized catalogues, teletype machines and open telephone lines. Should such a practice become widespread, due to the paucity of library funds everywhere, the adverse effect upon the scholarly publishers would be very great. Already the library market is faltering. "Because of the difficulty in selling cloth-bound books to college libraries," writes Mr. Perry, ". . . we tried emphasizing paperbacks, of which we have published over 200 titles. However, this has not provided a solution since quality paperback sales are falling off either because students cannot afford to buy books even at the low paperback prices or because student enrollments are declining or a combination of the two."

Thus pinched by the rapid shrinking of their subsidies, university presses are beginning to turn to the federal government for direct aid. "Ultimately," said Mr. Webb, at the 1973 meeting of the AAUP in Austin, Texas, "Washington might become the largest source of outside

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funds for university presses," and certainly there are some grounds for optimism. Congress has already appropriated $230,000 to be administered by the National Historical Publication Commission and delivered up to the university presses engaged in the publication of historical works; more, a committee of the AAUP has submitted an application for what Webb describes as "substantial support" from NHPC which is presently under review. And Donald Ellegood, Director of the University of Washington Press, tells me that ". . . More support is coming already from the two Endowments (for the Arts and for the Humanities) as well as agencies such as the National Science Foundation. . . . We are receiving more subsidy support from these sources presently, than from our parent university."

Others, however, are markedly less optimistic about the federal aid question, both on the grounds of the likelihood and the desirability of such aid. "Frankly," comments August Frugé, Director of the University of California Press, "I don't think we would want it, and I wonder whether the other larger university presses would, remembering that aid is seldom given without strings." The Director of a small southeastern press told me that quite honestly he has no real hope for substantial aid from Washington, at least until a more prosperous economy makes higher education again a good business risk for everybody concerned. But much more typical is the quiet impression of Louis T. Iglehart of the University of Tennessee Press who believes that "The financial plight of scholarly publishing is better known than it was formerly, and at least some Congressmen have shown an interest in keeping alive the situation." In any event, the presses are moving upon the Feds with discretion: Mr. Webb has suggested that until the precedents for federal financing have become firmly established, directors put in their requests for such aid through the mediating operations of an AAUP committee designed for that express purpose, rather than making contact directly on their own.

Federal funding, then, is at best an uncertain and somewhat distant proposition. Meantime, there are certain short-term and immediate problems to be grappled with. At a series of "confessions" at the Austin meeting, covered by John F. Baker and Chandler B. Grannis for *Publishers Weekly*, university publishers got together to give tongue to their woes and to parade their panaceas. Typical of these nostrums were cuts in production and limited press runs; the limitation of academic discounts and individual credit; an end to the printing of symposia; "in-home" composition, which Matthew N. Hodgson of the University of North Carolina Press claimed had resulted in an annual saving of 30 percent in costs; an increase in the amount of printing farmed out to printers abroad; a mark-up in list prices, with which, generally speaking, professors and libraries will bear ("If we could get a few academics to sit down and recognize," one director complained to me, "that if they'll go out in the evening and spend $25 for dinner they can afford a book that they'll have the rest of their lives, they'll bitch less"); and sometimes, but infrequently as of yet, cutbacks in staff and advertising.

Another Prospect

Perhaps one of the more salubrious aspects of what was a couple of years ago called "the coming crisis" is the prospect of what John B. Putnam, Executive Director of the AAUP, calls parapublishing, whereby "such relatively ephemeral and short-run work are unrevised dissertations and research reports would be issued in essentially unedited form," and of so-called "alternate methods" of publishing: "microfiche, videotape and other glamorous manifestations of the new technologies." Surely even the least practiced eye can see in these developments a potential drastic reduction of the vast backwash of learned trivia which now encumbers the scholarly professions. Putnam, for one, calls upon the professoriat, whose interest in the state of university publishing is a direct and vital one, not merely to bear with the problems of their publishers, but also to take a harder look at the treatises hatched by their special disciplines and determine in advance what could, without loss to civilization, be weeded out from the plethora of verbiage with which their protégés flood the editorial offices of the scholarly presses. "Dissertations," Putnam predicted, "will probably be declined forthwith. . . ." And manuscripts which are accepted will, in all likelihood, be expected to reach their editors' desks in more polished and presentable form than hitherto. All of this, needless to say, is to the good: if these things can be accomplished, then the present academic drought, like the late oil shortage, will not have been in vain.

Due to no fault of their own, then the university presses are harassed to the degree where they have become, as John Putnam says, "a zero-growth industry." Sales and titles have reached a plateau of sorts and are, as likely as not, to take a mild header in the foreseeable future. But scholarly publishers are accustomed to travail, and it is my guess that, save perhaps for a few of the smallest and weakest that depend almost wholly on university subsidies for their pitiful existence, that they will make the adaptations necessary to keep themselves afloat.

Many university publishers reminded me that, after all, the fat years of grants to higher education and hence, by trickle-down, to the university presses, that obtained in the 1960s were atypical. The University of California Press stands to lose its subsidy which means, in the words of its director, a return only to "normal hard times." Says Thompson Webb, Jr.: "Things right now are perhaps comparable to 1933. Times then were hard, and for a long time afterward. They did improve, ultimately."

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That is not only patience, it is pluck. And it is pluck, together with a horse's dose of common sense, that keeps under the protection of God organizations not devoted primarily to the pursuit of the dollar. It remains a question whether the academic establishment's recent renunciation of the sanities of life and the doings of their economic emissaries to the national capital have fatally undermined the operations of a small band of dedicated men who for years have been publishing a disproportionately large number of all books produced within these United States that are generally worth reading.

FUN FOR ALL AND ALL FOR FUN

THE SCREEN

The way director Richard Lester interprets it, "one for all and all for one" could well be the motto of the Marx Brothers rather than the Three Musketeers. For all the brawling and wenching in Alexander Dumas' novel, we always know that deep down inside his Musketeers are devoted to France and ever vigilant to serve her. But in Lester's version all *that* nonsense has been cut out in order to get at the other nonsense—the nonsense that's left over when you relieve the Musketeers of their ideals and let them just be devoted to wreaking havoc and nothing more. Their big scene in this film is not some acrobatic rescue or daring raid into the domains of Cardinal Richelieu (Charlton Heston), but rather a fracas in a tavern where they are trying to steal their dinner. In scenes with grander circumstances and nobler intent, the Three Musketeers often play only supporting roles.

This is, then, a somewhat more jaded band of Musketeers than Dumas accustomed us to as schoolchildren (though not so jaded that today's schoolchildren shouldn't go to the film). And to fit his players to their parts, Lester has chosen two amicably dissipated stars, Oliver Reed and Frank Finlay, to play Athos and Porthos. The only Musketeer who doesn't seem to fit is the third one, Aramis, played by Richard Chamberlain. Chamberlain is entirely too handsome and dandy to belong. He's the odd man out, like Zeppo. As the very mention of Zeppo must remind you, however, the Musketeers, like the Marx Brothers, were really four rather than three; and the other brother (in arms) here is of course D'Artagnan. Since a blank expression and a pointed sword are what's needed to play this naive fellow, Lester has awarded the role to Michael York, the only member of the cast with training as a Shakespearean actor. If nothing else, such training teaches an actor to look perplexed and duel well.

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If the other Musketeers play second fiddle to D'Artagnan, it is because his position as the film's consummate fall guy entitles him to be at least spiritual leader here. Pratfalls, dead falls, fallings in love: any kind of fall can be worked into Lester's broad idea of slapstick. As D'Artagnan makes advances towards his landlord's wife (Raquel Welch), for instance, the rowels of his spurs, against which he's braced his weight, begin to wheel across the floor, and he falls right off the bed. Indeed, the two of them really do fall for each other, for she's always falling down too—down stairs, over spittoons, etc. D'Artagnan is just like King Midas, only different. Everything he touches turns to a crumpled heap on the floor. Even the blade of his sword falls off.

Typically Lester lets a scene run a normal course for a few minutes before the bodies start to fly, as when D'Artagnan rides past a lone tree in a field while on a dangerous mission to England. The landscape is so beautiful that we are just beginning to appreciate it when—thud!—twenty of Richelieu's agents fall out of the tree like over-ripe fruit. Like this scene, the whole film is constructed along essentially the same principles as an exploding cigar.

During the dueling scenes Lester's camera works in close so that the action becomes a mere tangle of gusseted flesh and brandished color. This no doubt helps to conceal how amateur some of the swordsmanship is, but a more important reason for it is to prevent the sword-play from seeming graceful or heroic. It is the immediate chaos of life in the seventeenth century that Lester is after, and he effects it in his backgrounds as well as his foregrounds—in the way he dresses his sets as well as the way he stages his sword fights. In scene after scene we are mesmerized by props and appointments which are no doubt historically accurate, but are all the more confusing for being so because they are introduced without exposition or explanation—introduced simply as exotica.

A man goes everywhere carrying an orange imbedded with cloves. Other men play bizarre, unknown games—chess on a lawn with dogs as pieces, ancient forms of bowls, greased poles and even, it seems, pin-ball. Wretches hang from the ceiling of Richelieu's dungeon in enormous bird cages. At times this tapestry is so preoccupying, we don't know where we are supposed to look next. To some extent Lester seems to feel that the only thing recapturable from the past is this flood of minute, trivial detail. In more than one scene the background where such detail abounds is brilliantly lit and thus dominates characters in the foreground almost too shadowy to make out. What is certainly recognizable all the time, though, wherever we look, is Lester's special, ingenious instinct for the pure oafishness in life, which is such a delight to see betrayed.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

MA SHOU-CHEN

(Tr. Kenneth Rexroth & Ling Chung)

WATERLILIES

The floss of the reed flowers
Is like flying snow.
The Autumn river turns cold.
A jade inlaid horizontal flute
Sounds above the noise of men.
The wild geese return
On the first Autumn gales.
Here and there waterlilies are still blooming.

After the heavy dew, it is hard
For the beauty to get up.
Her perfumed rouge
Is reflected in the Autumn water,
A slanting flowered branch in a mirror,
Beautiful as an evening cloud.

[*Ma Shou-chen (16th century), also known as Ma Hsiang-lan, was the leading courtesan of her time in Chin Ling (Nanking). She was a painter of orchids as well as a poet.*]

This poem is from The Women Poets of China, *translated by Kenneth Rexroth and Ling Chung, published by McGraw Hill (Herder & Herder), Winter, 1972.*

NINA SANDRICH

HERRING GULLS

Morning slides past
with fog and mist clinging like fingered seaweed
to my caftan's lace-embroidered skirt
as it trails like foam upon wet sand.
An uncertain sun shrinks in its pale eclipse
and hovers hesitantly.
Only the overbearing gulls have dared
to raise impassioned altercations of their own.
They hold rapacity like gems within their eyes,
like tyrants stalk the saline tidal pools.
Sky is indefinite,
even the ocean floats undefined
as horizons dim and disappear,
yet gulls, all sound and substance,
adorn the shore in dominance,
flail memory with imperious wings,
seize remorse in arrogant beaks,
ignore the out-going tide.

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Some Outstanding Books of the Year

UNIVERSITY PRESS BOOKS

Literature

Wallace Fowlie

DURING THE 1960s the number of books appearing in university presses increased each year. The number dropped slightly in 1971 and has continued to drop since then. This has come about not because of fewer manuscripts but because of increasing production costs and decreasing sales and subsidies. The editors of these presses believe literary criticism was overpublished in the 1960s, and they tend now to be more rigorous in their acceptance of monographs on single literary figures and revised dissertations.

Whereas American and English writers were favored as subjects in university publications in 1972, French authors were strongly represented in 1973. The following five books are not necessarily those I consider the best in the year's production. They are those about which I would like to make a few comments.

Accent: An Anthology 1940-60, edited by Daniel Curley, George Scouffas and Charles Shattuck (University of Illinois Press, $12.50) is an homage to the late Kerker Quinn who served as principal editor for twenty years and whose impeccable literary taste largely accounted for the success of the magazine. It ranked high in American periodicals in its support of established writers (E. E. Cummings, Eudora Welty, R. P. Blackmur) and in its acceptance of new writers. Flannery O'Connor, J. F. Powers and Elizabeth Bishop were first published in *Accent*. It avoided any alignment with a political or literary movement. It remained broadly humanistic and welcomed the newest avant-garde writing provided it could stand the test of appearing in close proximity with traditional literary forms.

This collection, wisely edited by three members of the English Department of the University of Illinois, is grouped under three headings: narrative prose, poetry, and critical prose. The thirteen stories include "The Geranium" by Flannery O'Connor, rewritten at the end of her life and published under the title "Judgement Day"; and one of the most remarkable short stories of J. F. Powers: "Lions, Harts, Leaping Does." The section of fifty-two poems contains representative poems of most of the leading poets of the day: Aiken, Gregory, Nemerov, Nims, Plath, Stevens, Dylan Thomas, T. Weiss, William Carlos Williams, and others. Among the eleven critical essays are studies on Henry James by Blackmur, on Keats by Kenneth Burke, on Eliot by Ransom.

During the past fifteen years many of the major poems of Robert Lowell have been submitted to close textual scrutiny, "explications" that have tended to analyze his political, social and religious views. Marjorie Perloff's volume, *The Poetic Art of Robert Lowell* (Cornell University Press, $9.50), presents a new focus on the more formal aspects of Lowell's poems: their imagery and tone and syntax. She has acknowledged her debt to the French exponent of *la critique thématique*, Jean-Pierre Richard, who provided a method of exploring the images drawn by the poet from his various experiences. Mrs. Perloff considers all the books of Lowell but pays special attention to *Life Studies* which she looks upon as the poet's "central achievement."

An entire chapter is devoted to Lowell's translation or "imitation" of Rimbaud's *Mémoire* in order to discuss his theory of verse translation. This opens the way to a study of Lowell's confessional mode and the series of "Winslow" elegies written during the last thirty years. In discussing the nature of the work as seen against the background of contemporary poetry, Mrs. Perloff's concentration is clear and steady. She concludes that the norm of modern poetry is associated with the derangement of the senses proclaimed by Arthur Rimbaud exactly a century ago.

The Poetry of Rimbaud (Princeton University Press, $18.50) by Robert Greer Cohn, a professor of French literature for many years at Stanford, is an elaborate book of interpretive criticism. Each poem, each prose poem (from *Les Illuminations*) and each section of *Une saison en enfer* is analyzed separately. In emphasizing his own interpretation of each piece, Dr. Cohn has taken great care to acknowledge his use of theories of previous critics. He does not isolate any one pervading philosophy of Rimbaud or any one aesthetic interpretation. The book is devoted to a description of the achievement of Rimbaud as poet. It is a fresh vigorous attempt to analyze and interpret the beauty of the various texts. Many difficulties still remain and Mr. Cohn acknowledges them without imposing any arbitrary elucidation.

For almost forty years Gide and Cocteau carried on a kind of friendship—or rather, a kind of rivalry—by means of letters, cards, meetings, journals, "open" letters published in periodicals. Mr. Peters found exactly the right word for this relationship: "abrasive," he calls it. There were moments of affection, but there were more moments of peevishness, irritability and even anger. The men were too much alike

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WALLACE FOWLIE, *professor of French at Duke, has just published a critical study on Lautreamont.*

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for each not to be fully aware of the other's weaknesses and vulnerability. They were competitive in seeking the same audience—the youthful esthetes and intellectuals of every country. Gide had greater prestige and was far more brilliantly the *homme de lettres*. But Cocteau was a poet and had far more wit and versatility than Gide.

In *Jean Cocteau and Andre Gide: an Abrasive Friendship* (Rutgers University Press, $17.50), Arthur King Peters has collected a large number of documents each one of which is presented in French with an accurate translation. We follow, in reading the book, much more than the curious, often tortured friendship between Gide and Cocteau. It is also a picture of French culture as it unfolds between the first letter sent by Cocteau in 1912 and his last letter in 1951, and as it was seen by two of France's most articulate and most informed witnesses.

Four of the thirteen essays in *Marcel Proust: A Critical Panorama*, (University of Illinois Press, $7.50), edited by Larken E. Price, were originally papers read at the University of Illinois to commemorate the centennial of Proust's birth (1871-1971). The contributing scholars are known for previous writings on Proust. Here they write either on *Jean Santeuil* or on specific topics related to *Remembrance of Things Past*. The approach in most of the essays is historical criticism rather than the new structuralist criticism. Each of these scholars makes a valid contribution to Proustian criticism. But the longest in the book, by Professor Theodore Johnson, seems to me exceptionally important not only in the facts concerning Proust's discovery of Giotto, but in the allegorical interpretation of the vices and virtues in Giotto's Padua and in Marcel Proust's Combray. If this study is continued.—I presume that is Mr. Johnson's intention—it may well be monumental.

History & the Social Sciences

Lou and John Ratte

NEW SCHOLARSHIP is constantly reorienting learning in every discipline. Professionals ignore at their peril the articles and books in which new models of inquiry and the results of new researches are presented to the academic and general public. University presses certainly do not control original scholarly publication, but tradition and money sustain, even in inflation and recession, their commitment to printing books which will never have a second printing—complete with the rich apparati of notes, charts, bibliographies and illustrations which enable others to test and progress further. The common reader who wants to transcend pop social prophecy and panoramic warmed-over history should read such books. A number of titles published by university presses this past year show why: they reveal larger worlds of events and issues through careful study of one man, or one milieu, or one problem. When they happen to be clearly structured and well-written—as well as thoroughly researched—such books are more valuable than the survey and the digest even for the busiest reader, who knows that these studies will be the building-blocks of the next synthesis or policy debate.

To start with men: Ross Terrill's *R. H. Tawney and His Times* (Harvard University Press, $15) sketches the English socialist's life as teacher, scholar, publicist: the upper-class boy, second at Balliol, devoting his life to learning and justice, developing his ideas—here elaborated as a system from books and essays and occasional speeches—through confrontation with the twentieth-century enemies of democratic socialism, capitalism; the authoritarian ideologies; the "bureaucratization, apathy, and materialism" of collectivism. Terrill likes his subject. His study of this "socialist for all seasons," often identified only with *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, grows into a portrait of the moral conscience of much of the leadership of the Labor Party which finally came to real power in 1945.

Eccentric, a material failure, Tawney rode the leading edge of social thought in his times; ordinary, rich in money and honors, Thomas Hutchinson failed in thought and action, in the minds of his contemporaries and in most of historiography. Bernard Bailyn is also sympathetic to his subject, the loyalist governor of the Bay Colony, though without the clear affection Terrill shows for his. *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson* (Harvard University Press, $12.50) presents, through full use of a fund of papers, many never touched before, the picture of a constrained and meticulous and intelligent merchant and public servant inhibited by personality, political conviction, and wealth and family connections from any understanding of the ferment seizing the American colonies in his day. Bailyn, whose books have illumined the origins of the Revolution for this generation, wrote this magisterial work in the late 1960s. His "tragic" historiograph is not only the product of distance in time from the eighteenth century but of an understanding "sharpened by the course of American politics" in the last ten years.

Such awareness of social milieu, either in the time of the subject or that of the scholar, is less significant in Laura Wood Roper's *FLO: A Biography of Frederick Law Olmsted*, (Johns Hopkins Press, $15). An attempt is made to see Olmsted as more than the genius of landscape architecture. The full use of the Olmsted collection (which Mrs. Roper was instrumental in shaping) and of personal con-

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tacts makes possible a detailed review of his life as farmer, Free Soil agitator, writer and public servant. The author rarely leaves the man for the larger issues of his time, but we can see the full development of the aesthetic sense which enabled him to integrate experience and talent to become the originator of the rural park movement and the first American to see the need to humanize the urban environment of this democracy.

Three very different *milieux* are freshly revealed by a collection of *Letters of Medieval Jewish Traders* by S. D. Gotein (Princeton University Press, $12.50), Eric Cochrane's *Florence in the Forgotten Centuries 1527-1800* (Chicago University Press, $1250), and *Salem Possessed: The Social Origins of Witchcraft* by Paul Boyer and Stephen Nissenbaum (Harvard University Press, $10).

Professor S. D. Gotein adds to his multiple publications on Jewish society in the Arab world this collection of 80 letters chosen from about 1,200 preserved in a Cairo synagogue. Written in the late middle ages by Jews trading their way from the western Mediterranean to India, learnedly located in time and space by the general introduction and detailed head notes, these letters tell us much about trading practices, personal suffering, and constant care for God.

Students of early modern history take Florence in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries as the point of departure for the study of the Renaissance, abandoning Tuscany and the city itself to the relative obscurity of Medici monarchy. Through an integrated presentation of the culture, commerce and civic life of the city in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Professor Cochrane makes it clear that the modern city owes much to the pre-national and post-Machiavelli period. The Arab world and three hundred years of Tuscany are somewhat extended space-time continua, unified for the readers of these books by the science of historical scholarship and the art of composition.

By contrast with this, Salem Village in 1692 is a concentration of time and place: mysterious seizures and apparitions of hysterical adolescents, men and women hung as incarnate devils. Boyer and Nissenbaum find in the crisis of 1692 a matrix for understanding the social history of Salem and third-generation Puritan New England. Stated baldly, and without justice to the subtlety of research and argument which marks the book, the witchhunt was in part the manifestation of a struggle by the rural families of Salem Village to maintain their economy and religious world view against encroaching commercial-capitalist and urban values, represented by old Salem Town with its world trade and worldier religion. Putnams versus Porters, supporters of Reverend Parris (himself a failed merchant in search of status in a place remote from Boston) against those who would remove him; these families and individuals were acting out both a unique personal tragedy and a crucial experience of the larger society. *Salem Bewitched* is a model of the new social history at its best.

Two complex problems are taken up from varying perspectives by books dealing with politics and race. Some, like *Salem Possessed,* also present new ways of studying society, most notably Jackson Turner Main's *Political Parties Before the Constitution,* (North Carolina University Press, $15.95). Main presents, through computer analysis of roll-call votes in the lower houses of a number of states, the emergence of party divisions in the early years of independence before the Constitution. "Loyalists" and "cosmopolitans" disagreed on debts, land prices, and paper money. The Revolution had justified opposition, and patterns of factionalism, similar in several states, may foreshadow later historical divisions.

Skipping the nineteenth century we come to scholarly and policy-oriented confrontations with national and urban politics today. In *Size and Democracy* (Stanford University Press, $6.95) Robert A. Dahl and Edward R. Tufte study comparatively and statistically the "federated policy" which has succeeded the nation-state and the city-state in order to conclude that "maximizing citizen effectiveness" and maximizing "the capacity of the system" are often conflicting goals. No single system is best to reconcile these goals: and more importantly, "Democratic goals conflict. . . ." After exquisite analysis of graphs and charts the authors call not only for "more research" but for more "normative-empirical theory bearing on democracy." Theory and empirical study are combined in Anthony Downs' *Opening Up the Suburbs: An Urban Strategy for America* (Yale University Press, $7.95). Economist and bureaucrat, Downs argues that well-to-do suburbs which effect urban decay did not get that way by accident. Intention can also be brought to bear on their transformation—and on the renewal of the cities—by turning from "trickle-down" theory towards comprehensive urban development which will open up the suburbs by introducing low and moderate income housing, and at the same time "create new opportunities for more meaningful interactions among economic groups that could enrich American culture."

Race is the problem on which to linger—and with which to end this review. A collection of essays, *Through Different Eyes,* edited by Rose, Rothman and Wilson ($12.50), and *Race* ($15) by John R. Baker, both published by Oxford University Press, offer different approaches to a subject which links science to politics through perception. Voices represented in the anthology come from a broad spectrum of American society, including academicians, politicians, welfare workers, policemen, teachers and students. The aim has been, as Rose says in his introduction, to develop a "Rashomon" approach: to see the same essential problem, race relations in the United States today, from a variety of perspectives.

The contributions are uniformly interesting, and scholarly apparatus is at a minimum: two concluding essays by Wilson and Rothman assess and analyze the contributions and thus provide their own best review. Rose by providing a capsule version of the his-

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tory of race relations from the time of Jackson to the Nixon era, Wilson by drawing out the implication that far more than color shapes individual perspective on race: the white fear of encroachment on economic and status preserves heightens racial tension; the black American will experience tension in relation to his marginal status. Rothman has developed a typology of group perceptions which cuts across the color line to some extent, ranging from white conservative to black nationalist.

Baker's book issues from the laboratory rather than society today, the work of a biologist and cytologist who laments the lack of scientific thinking on the "ethnic problem." In presenting the history of thinking on race he attempts to unite in one continuous line of development the speculations of eighteenth century philosophers, nineteenth century physical scientists, and twentieth century geneticists. We learn that brain weight and number of convolutions in tissue were originally considered to be the clue to establishing intelligence. Thus, Oliver Cromwell had a 2,332-gram brain, the average for the Europid being 1,400; Immanuel Kant, a 1,715-gram brain, and Beethoven, "only the usual complexity of convolutions." So much for scientific materialism.

Baker is concerned with the apparent break between the direction of morphological thinking in the nineteenth century and contemporary thought on the ethnic problem. "One wants to know," he writes, "whether it is conceivable that members of two taxa may differ in large numbers of groups of genes affecting many parts of the body, but not at all in those that affect the nervous and sensory systems and therefore play a part in determining mental qualities." (Readers of Shockley and Jensen take notice). Studies from the animal world reveal that morphological differences also determine adaptability. If for the variety of human taxa we are to posit equality in mental capacity, Baker asks "what known cause of evolution could have produced this result?" The scientific problem, if not the moral dilemma, lies in the fact that current cytological research has refined what nineteenth century science pointed to as the issue but has run up against the limitations of modern technology. Biological microtechnique can deal only with the activities of single genes which produce secondary characteristics: it is not sufficiently developed to reveal the morphological basis of complex thought processes. Rather than abandon the problem to future scientists with more sensitive equipment, Baker states: "In the existing circumstances reliance must be placed on easier, though still very difficult, observations —not on the source of mental activities in the cerebral hemispheres, but on their results as manifested in the activities of man." Whatever biologists may think of the legitimacy of this leap, others interested in the social ramifications of the "ethnic problem" are bound to feel uneasy. Baker pursues the history of the development of intelligence testing, being careful to point out that intelligence is divisible into discrete parts and that tests have only been developed to measure cognition. Cognition, however, is the force, Baker asserts, which has built civilization. Beginning with Binet in Paris in the late nineteenth century, through the refinements of Terman and Spearman in America, Baker believes that culture-free tests have now been developed which enable us to catalogue the cognitive potential of the different human taxa, and to rate them on an hierarchical scale. Taking the results of cognition testing carried out on American school children from differing racial backgrounds, Baker concludes that the direction of morphological investigations has been proven to be correct: intelligence will vary in accordance with racial background.

Baker quotes Rousseau in saying that his aim has been to "learn to know men by their conformities and by their differences." One remains skeptical about such leaps from the biological to the psychological laboratory, and, with his link-up between cognition and civilization, about the ultimate social and humane implications of this type of biological research.

Education, Philosophy, Theology

Bernard Murchland

I HAVE HAD a fair spell of reading and of the books before me for comment no particular order imposes itself.

It is perhaps appropriate to begin with a George Shuster anthology (*On the Side of Truth*, edited by Vincent P. Lanie, University of Notre Dame Press, $9.95) for a couple of reasons. First of all he is well known to readers of this journal as a former editor and they might therefore be expected to look upon this collection with special interest and fondness and welcome comment upon it in something of the same affectionate spirit. Another reason that commends this volume for initial comment is its subject matter. When I began to canvass the lists of University Presses for this assignment I was looking especially for books on the philosophy of education. The universities are after all in the business of education (although this is sometimes overlooked) and in the current crises that beset them, and beset the liberal arts above all, I would have thought a critical interest in this plight a normal concern of their publishing endeavors.

I found very little. Of what I did find the Shuster volume is by far the most impressive. There are essays here on religion and politics as well as education but it is primarily the voice of

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the educator we hear throughout. Shuster's claims for education are refreshingly modest. There is no trace of the pompous and salvific tone that often characterizes essays of this sort. Truth, we are told, is like a medicine which takes hold, suggesting that a good deal of it doesn't. In the final analysis, "there is relatively little we can know of other men." And this definition of the liberal arts: "A course of study designed to encourage tentatively integrated learning about man's most fruitful insights into himself and the reality about him, so that a student may feel the texture of the known in order to be able to realize, sooner or later, that this is only the garment of the unknown." That has a rich Platonic flavor as does this definition of truth: "An awareness of the vital activity of the receptive, creative human mind face to face with reality in the whole of its illusory overtness and its revealing concealment."

Shuster offers what seem to me two very good suggestions for clearing up some of our present muddles in education. One, he strikes out hard against many of our egalitarian assumptions. Everyone, to be sure, is capable of some degree of liberal arts education; but even in the most ideal situations most won't respond to the challenge, settling instead for a slot in the meritocracy. We must, Shuster emphasizes, single out those of genuine intellectual competence at an early age, free them from economic and other burdens and set them upon an intellectual career with the conviction that the life of the mind is a privileged and indispensable vocation. To continue, Shuster writes wryly, to accept the lowest common pupil denominator as the norm is to doom the potential intellectual power of the nation "to turning somersaults around the statue of Huckleberry Finn." Education must be taken seriously.

But, and this is Shuster's second suggestion, it must not be taken too seriously. It is at best a start and not to be equated with the totality of wisdom. There is only so much the young can learn in a formal way; there is only so much professors (whose vision has so often been narrowed by the requirements of the Ph.D degree and whose efforts with their students so often thwarted by such demands of the academic marketplace as publishing) can teach. All in all the university is a locus of rather compressed experience. Scholarship is only one path to wisdom just as knowledge is only one kind of virtue. Wide experience based on the cornerstones of criticism and creation provide the formula for the fullest human wisdom. Our institutions of higher learning can at best dispense but a portion of this. Shuster invites us to dream of a better way, of a world in which "anyone who desists after his 50th year from gainful employment, in order to devote time and energy to the task of thinking through his experience for the benefit of himself and his fellows, will be exempt from all taxes. Such men will not write a great deal. But from time to time, I trust, they may say something in which humanity, caution and learning are blended with a deep concern for everlasting values." Let's dream all the way and suggest such persons be *supported* by tax monies!

After this and similar winged hopes, Shuster's prognosis for Catholic education (and I take it private education generally) struck me as far too timid. The social future, he concedes, belongs to the scientist and the engineer. Religious values are likely to become even more peripheral for most. I wouldn't grant as much. It is a matter of observation that large numbers are today rejecting the primacy of material values and the heyday of the influence of science on our fundamental attitudes is probably passed. It is not surprising for the root metaphors that sustained the scientific enterprise, while not lacking in mythic richness, were never of the sort that could withstand indefinitely the human cry for meaning. What contemporary culture cries out for is stronger metaphors and fresher images to guide its experience. To the extent that this is true then religion (and its allies among the imaginative disciplines) is in a stronger position than Shuster seems to think.

The three works I turn to now all in varying ways bear this out. Camus' critique of secular ideologies is one of the themes emphasized in Donald Lazere's *The Unique Creation of Albert Camus* (Yale University Press, $12.50). The publishers present it as the most comprehensive critical work on Camus since his death. As far as I can judge this is true. I didn't find much here that was strictly speaking original but it offers a thorough discussion of all of the French author's writings and takes generous account of the critical literature. We are getting a better perspective on Camus all the time. The Leftist critics have launched an effective attack upon his political views; his literary judgment has been shown to be frequently defective; and many of his own works fall far short of the reputation they once enjoyed.

Nonetheless Camus remains a strong voice in our culture. In a concluding chapter on Camus and the American reader Lazere suggests his appeal for us is to be found in his basic healthiness, "an emotional equilibrium and intellectual wholeness" manifested in a body of writing in which he "encompassed the most extreme nihilistic attitudes of his time without personally going off the deep end into suicide, violence, insanity, nervous breakdowns, or drugs." This, I think, is true. We pine after psychic health like the hart after sweet waters and appear singularly unsuccessful in our quest. I am inclined, however, to locate Camus' basic appeal for us in his conception of the artist's social responsibility. Our last hope after so many dead gods is in the power of the creative artist to show us a way. Camus did not betray that hope and indeed he responded to it directly, almost in a personal way. Art, for Camus, has paradigmatic value for society. It sets forth models of community and freedom and faith that constitute genuine gifts to the times. Steering a middle course (as he always tried to do) between the formalists on the one hand and those who would subordinate art to some specific political doctrine, Camus fashioned an aes-

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thetic, one that despite its flaws remains highly applicable to our present predicaments. His idea of limits, to give an example, still lends itself to political and artistic embodiment.

We live, by our images, Camus said, and it was his judgment that our age has found no suitable replacements for the traditional images of man. One of the artist's important tasks is to try to fill this lacuna, to elaborate the metaphors necessary to sustain spirit in this moment of history. Camus attempted to do this from an atheistic point of view. William Lynch is doing somewhat the same thing (although within a religious framework) in his *Images of Faith* (University of Notre Dame Press, $6.95). Father Lynch's field of study, as it has been in a number of his books, is the relationship between imagination and faith, between images and belief. Because some of my own recent research has had to do with the function of metaphor in philosophical systems it was with more than passing interest that I took up Father Lynch's book.

He has some very worthwhile things to say. What he says most centrally is that faith itself is a life of the imagination, a form of successful imagining. Through our imaginative paradigms we create and experience the world in suitable ways. Faith is one such paradigm. Father Lynch describes it in terms of the following attributes: it is primal (a deep, prerational force that shapes our basic attitudes and aspirations long before the advent of reflective knowledge, a Dionysian vigor that sweeps our energies toward ecstasy and union); it is creative (in the sense of activating our imaginations, making us aware of the possibilities and varieties of human endeavor and giving us the desire to pursue them); it is moving (that is, it carries us through the various stages of life, giving the temporal domain dramatic flavor and intensity); faith is also embodied; it finds its true home in history, taking on the shapes of history—law, language, society and myth; it is the informing principle of all that man makes. If the imagination is to get anywhere in the way of insight and understanding, Father Lynch writes, "it must progressively move through the finite, the detail, the definite, the phases, the time, the stages of the human and of human life. Faith must make the same patient movement."

The paradigm of faith is, finally and most importantly, ironic. Ironic faith designates our ability to hold paradoxical opposites together in a single act of imagination; it gives us the strength we need to work through the dualisms, and contradictions of existence, to gather up the fragments of reality into a unified whole; it induces us to marvel at the unexpected ways in which aspects of reality coexist. Above all, it teaches us to break out of the tyranny of the single image to relish the complexity and variety of life. Ironic faith urges upon us humility, tolerance, humor and issues into an unshakable conviction about things. Thus Socrates, at once the wisest and most ignorant man in Athens, a no-account sentenced to death yet who stood his ground and became one of the springs of our civilization. Thus Christ, both God and man, transvaluating all values with his upsetting views on power and wealth, driving beneath appearances for a multiple view of reality. The Christ of ironic faith is the king without a kingdom, he who dies in order to live, who turns stones into bread and then declares that man does not live by bread alone, thus suggesting that the real miracle lies elsewhere. And so for all the great ironists throughout history: Don Quixote, Pas-

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cal, Kafka. And so, each in his own way, all of us.

Loss of faith today is a failure of imagination, specifically the ironic imagination. Our need, Father Lynch says, is for ironic faith because "our own ironic images are in a state of pitiful disrepair. Our ironies are worn out, overflooding us, miserable in their lack of imagination and we have grown flat and complacent in the use of them. It is the kind of moment when mediocre talents take over and mediocre images, filled with the easy ironies of contempt, lacking in any charity or in the capacity to cause educating recognition, divide the culture groups."

The disrepair of ironic images could fairly be described as the theme of Nathan Scott's *Three American Moralists* (The University of Notre Dame Press, $6.95). The moralists in question are Norman Mailer, Saul Bellow and Lionel Trilling—all Jewish, all masterful diagnosticians of the time's ills, all exploring in their manner the dimensions of ironic faith. Each of these "moralists" defines his stand against the grain of American culture. This is particularly true of Mailer. Scott is good at showing just how the rage and range of Mailer's artistry is closely connected to his version of America's heart of darkness. Mailer's central theme, Scott claims, is the collapse of faith as a set of workable images. He sees Mailer, like Whitman, pitted against the "irredeemable madness of America"—against the raped landscape, the bleak architecture, dehumanizing technocracy, sexual repression and a general addiction to the plastic and the shoddy. What Mailer calls for is "a profoundly spiritual regeneration," "a new path for the imagination," a restoration of the nation's "moral substance," "a revolution of conscience." We are told that Mailer's fundamental commitment is to "the politics of salvation." His "hipster" is a metaphor for a contemporary overman who refuses to make a pact with the "attenuated" world of technology, who coins images of violence, orgasm, nihilism and death in the quest for authenticity, who refuses to accept "the supposition that the human reality is to be ordered by the rules of science, that we must live within the abstractions of the positivist mind." Mailer, according to Scott, "espouses a kind of religious radicalism" and is dedicated in some unusual way to "supervising language in ways that will invigorate the imagination of the people of his age."

I must confess I don't see that much depth in Mailer. I see him as a writer of talent whose reputation rests to some extent on his ability to amuse. I appreciate Scott's emphasis and have learned from it but he is far too adulatory toward his subject and claims rather more for Mailer than can be substantiated. For others have argued that Mailer is an instance of the very speciousness he decries, a writer whose talent is at the behest of the highest bidder. Decrying the moral rot of America is not necessarily a sign of high-mindedness; it can be one of the quickest ways to the center of the stage.

When all is said and done, Mailer offers us precious little in the way of "salvation." Bellow gives more. We detect in his work a texture and a mellowness lacking in Mailer. Bellow has a practiced sensitivity to the modern longing for non-being; he knows well how our modern idols have failed us one after the other and he knows better than Mailer what the self is up against in the banal and anomic circumstances of life. Revolution is not the solution; nor is hipsterism or Faustian pacts. These are yet further ways of denying limits (Bellow is much like Camus in his analysis of Romantic excess). "You could scarcely get people to long for what was possible," a character observes in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*. And in the same novel we find the affirmation that "the spirit knows that its growth is the real aim of existence." Bellow's characters mature. They come to an understanding of patience and sympathy and laughter. To use Father Lynch's language, they come very often to an ironic faith. Bellow is the most philosophical of our novelists (with the possible exception of Percy),

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the most adept at exploring what Scott calls "the phenomenology of selfhood."

Lionel Trilling has taken up his critical position near what he takes to be the center of modern man's moral preoccupations and has explored with great dedication our "chosen images of personal being." Scott offers clear and intelligent commentary on the themes that make up the essays in *The Liberal Imagination, Beyond Culture, The Opposing Self,* and *Sincerely and Authenticity*. These themes constitute Trilling's "anxious humanism"; they bespeak one man's resistance to the dominant orthodoxies of the age and by the same token set our imaginations free to pursue more authentic images. Mr. Scott pays Trilling deserved tribute in saying that he is "a part of the best we have" and correctly notes that as his thought moves further from the areas of aesthetics and criticism strictly speaking and more into the region of philosophical anthropology we may expect not only greater systematic clarity but radically new insights into our condition as well. For my part I believe no one now writing is more qualified to render anything like a definitive portrait of our age of alienation than Lionel Trilling.

The three books just considered are humanistic in the best sense of the word: readable yet written with some rigor, insightful without murkiness, hopeful all in taking into account the darkest experiences of the age. Two other books focus on humanistic themes but with more methodological care. Robert Weiss' *Loneliness: The Experience of Emotional and Social Isolation* (the MIT Press, $8.95) and Ninian Smart's *The Science of Religion and the Sociology of Knowledge: Some Methodological Questions* (Princeton University Press, $8.50) both treat of subject matter of general interest in a specialized manner. Loneliness, Weiss writes, has "received remarkably little professional attention." What is especially lacking are studies that would "identify the various expressions of the ordinary loneliness that is so widespread an experience and would show how these expressions relate to the causes of loneliness. We are lacking in short in studies that would describe what loneliness is and explain why it is that way."

The papers printed in his book attempt such a description and such an explanation. The conclusion reached is that "loneliness is a deficit condition, a response to the absence of specific relational provisions." Is this anything more than a cumbersome way of stating the obvious? No method for ending loneliness is forthcoming other than "the formation of new relationships that might repair the deficit responsible for loneliness." It seems to me a psychiatric approach ought to cut deeper (Weiss teaches in the Department of Psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School). Why would anyone presume to "cure" a condition so universally human? Weiss says he cannot join those who say that we ought to cherish our loneliness. Perhaps not. But at the least one ought to admit that loneliness is one of the paths to self-knowledge, one of the ways in which we take our distance from the other in order to explore the dimensions of subjectivity. Loneliness is a structure of human existence to be understood rather than a disease to be cured.

Smart's book shows convincingly how the rigorous application of a method (phenomenology in this case) can illuminate the subject matter of religion (his examples are drawn largely from Buddhism). His book is an exercise in the philosophy of religion, a discipline that has three ends: to elucidate the meanings of religious utterances, to exhibit the criteria of truth in religion and to investigate and delineate the methodology of the religious sciences. The present book concentrates primarily on the third of these aims. The usual objection to this approach is that it can never get very far into the nature of religion, into the subjective, metaphorical, numinous realm where religion essentially is. Smart claims a scientific study of religion is possible and he wants to claim this without reducing religious belief to something merely human on the one hand or necessarily metaphysical

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or theological on the other. He emphasizes a phenomenological method because it brackets questions like God's existence. He would want to say that as an object of religious belief God is real whether or not he exists. His method involves him in continuous distinctions of this sort. But as a method of "eliciting and evoking the meaning of religious beliefs and practices from the point of view of those who take part in them" it is useful and as successful as any other method.

Mihailo Markovic is a well known Yugoslav philosopher who has lectured extensively in this country. He offers his *From Affluence to Praxis: Philosophy and Social Criticism* (University of Michigan Press, $12.95) as a blueprint for a better society, based on Marx's humanism and his own experience in the postwar experiments in self-government attempted in his country. He takes from Marx the hope that oppressive societies can be replaced by a praxis that maximizes man's potential for freedom and creativity. The direction of Markovic's thinking can be surmised with the help of a few quotations.

On Marx: "The critical thought of Marx is the fullest and historically the most developed expression of human rationality."

On alienated labor: "The old gap between intellectual and physical work is now being gradually replaced by a new one: with the creative work of a few on the one hand, and the utterly dull routine work of the vast majority on the other. Consequently human consciousness is split, an atomistic approach to reality still prevails."

On democracy: "Contrary to the claims of professional politicians in both capitalistic and socialist countries, there is very little democracy in the contemporary world. The fact is that almost nowhere do the vast majority of people really influence decision-making on essential matters."

On alienation: "Almost all contemporary forms of alienation are rooted in the existence of social groups which have a monopoly on the economic and political power. Therefore to *humanize radically* the contemporary world means to create conditions in which each individual can participate in the control of the enormous social and technical forces which man has at his disposal."

On bureaucracy: "Ruling people as if they were things is the fundamental social evil."

On the technostructure: "If the technostructure has any philosophy, it is a philosophy of complete nihilism and of complete social irresponsibility."

In sum, Markovic sees our present historical situation as one still deeply alienated but "some essential material and subjective conditions have been created for a radical abolition of reification." His tone is positive; his suggestions practical and his theoretical framework tightly controlled by his considerable knowledge of realpolitik. To read him is to rekindle one's hopes that participatory democracy may not be a pipe dream after all.

Another book that dovetails with some of Markovic's analyses is A. K. Bierman's *The Philosophy of Urban Existence* (Ohio University Press, $8.50). It is noteworthy not only by reason of its subject matter but also because we rarely find a professional philosopher either able or willing to address himself to urban problems. Bierman belongs to that species of philosopher who wants his discipline to thrive in the marketplace as well as the academy. "Wrestling with the chaos, trying to shape it for the comfort of man, is the ultimate challenge to the worth of philosophy." He notes that all the congresses, charts and data on urban problems are "dreary, narrow, dated, jerry-built, money-bound and visionless" without a philosophical understanding of the city's place in the pursuit of the good life.

What Bierman recommends in the first place is the restoration of the idea of philosophizing as the highest civic virtue. He means this in a Socratic rather than a schoolly sense and calls for a deliberate effort to create the circumstances of a vigorous dialectic, to educate our young to discourse intelligently about matters of the greatest importance

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to them as citizens. Bierman shrewdly points out that our substitute for philospohical talk is legislation; we let the solons hammer out our differences while we get on with the business of life. We assume a free press will keep us informed and the legislators honest. But journalism is no better a substitute for philosophy than legislation.

A necessary step to the end Bierman envisages is to sever the city from federal and state governments and thus bring into being the city state. Philosophy can only thrive when the numbers are right. The basic units of the city state are neighborhoods and persons. Bierman's philosophy of the city is built upon these twin concepts. A person, for example, is defined as a collection of relatents. As this concept unfolds the limitations of rugged individualism, ethnocentricism and romantic concepts of freedom are pointed out. Bierman's theory of personhood has the other as a necessary component. To be educated to this understanding is to be initiated into the kind of wisdom that alone can make urban life synonymous with the good life. Bierman's book encourages me to say that more philosophers ought to try their hand at this sort of thing.

We have, finally, Howard Mumford Jones' *Revolution and Romanticism* (Harvard University Press, $15). Jones is a river skater among scholars, gliding endlessly over the stream of Western culture surveying its broad outlines, digging into little known or unknown crannies, catching familiar sights from unusual vantage points and making tradition fresh with quickened prose and novel insight. Jones' principal theme is romanticism and its effects on the revolutionary spirit—particularly as manifested in the American and French revolutions. The focus is therefore the 18th century but Jones' analyses point a moral for our own times as well. "The grave central problem of our day is not the destruction of the state or of institutions or of ordinary forms of decorum by casual violence; the great central problem of the Western world is how to adjust the civic processes descending from the American and French revolutions to the romantic theory of every human being as an inviolable end in itself."

In his preface Jones says the book was written for the fun of writing it. It can be read for the same reason. Let us add only that in addition to the fun it is a great educational experience.

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Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

—lowest paid on all scales—are not covered by the Fair Labor Standards Act. And until the passage of the minimum wage law this year the median wage of full-time, year-round household workers was less than $2,000. It remains to be seen what enforcement will mean for them—social security for domestic workers often goes unpaid and uncollected.

The Pope has reminded us that Mary of Nazareth was far from being a timidly submissive woman. "She was a woman who did not hesitate to proclaim that God vindicates the humble and oppressed, and removes the powerful people of this world from their privileged positions." Surely she is concerned for her sisters.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 275)

> the reigning code of good citizenship, would that be welcomed there? Since I suspect that the answer to these questions is "no," the catholicity of this Catholic University is not catholic enough to embrace what I mean by truth and morality.

If I were to point out the intellectual shoddiness and irresponsibility of that kind of writing *would this be welcomed* by Ms. Ruether? *Since I suspect* that the answer to this question is "no," . . . Did I do something wrong, Ms. Ruether? *Nothing* seems to follow!

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